

S2 Chapter 86

Henry's POV

I had a vague idea of what had happened. I always knew my father was a scoundrel, but this was far worse. This lowered him to a category worse than just a creep or a harasser.

Three years ago, my father spent a long time in the city. I had bought his shares in the company a few years before, but he had already blown through all the money he made and came looking for more. When I didn't give in, he kept making my life hell as usual. But suddenly, out of nowhere, he left and stayed quiet in Miami, until now.

I never understood why he left. I only knew vaguely that two women had come forward saying he had harassed them and forced them to have sex, but I never knew exactly what had happened, and they quickly disappeared.

But now everything was there, right before my eyes. My not-so-dear father was a rapist. I started reading the report.

Three years earlier, when he was around here, showing off as a big shot, he threw a party at a beach house he had rented. His little friends, all as despicable as him, were all there.

Two women in their early twenties went to this party, invited by a friend who was Ayrton Botelho's mistress. Isabella's father was also there. The two just wanted to enjoy the party and turned down Reynold right at the beginning of the night. But he, like a hyena, cornered them. He prepared drinks spiked with date rape drugs and had a waiter offer them to the two young women. As soon as they showed the first signs of the drug's effects, Reynold took them to a room and assaulted them.

It was disgusting! He filmed them, abused both of them for hours, and the next day threw them out, calling them whores and threatening to release the video if they spoke up. The girls were terrified but still decided to report him, only to have the misfortune of falling into the hands of a corrupt detective who saw an opportunity to make some money.

The detective approached Reynold, and they made a deal. That's when my mother got involved. He made a scene, threatening that if my mother didn't help him, he would manipulate Hebe and make her suicide. At that time, my sister was going through a very difficult situation. She had suffered a traumatic miscarriage and was severely depressed. He had a lot of influence over her – she loved him, only seeing the father side of him, but not the son of a bitch side.

My mother did what he wanted. She paid the money and covered everything up. But along the way, while sweeping this dirt under the rug, she discovered it wasn't his first time doing this. He had done something similar in Miami before coming to spend that time here. He's a serial rapist!

When I started reading the message transcripts, I felt even more disgusted; my stomach turned, and I nearly threw up. It was a collection of messages he had exchanged with his buddies, laughing and mocking women, describing what he had done to them.

The worst message was the one where he said he didn't care; his exact words were: "I don't give a damn, those two were completely drunk, I just gave them a little something extra to make them nice and compliant, they don't even know what happened. It's their fault, they were drunk at a party. I screwed them both. They were playing hard to get, but they wanted to fuck, and I gave them what they wanted."

"My God, this is disgusting." I closed the folder and threw it on the table.

"Do what you have to do."

"You know there's enough here to put him away for a long time, don't you?" Detective Bonfim asked me.

"As far as I'm concerned, you can kill him. I just want him away from Samantha and my family." I answered firmly, but feeling rage growing inside me. How can I be the son of such a repulsive being? How did my grandfather allow my mother, such a sweet and gentle person, to marry this criminal?

"Henry, everything will be fine." Patrick put his hand on my shoulder. "Rick will take the lead on this and follow the investigations; you don't need to get involved."

"We'll try to keep this confidential, Henry, but you're well-known people, this will eventually go public," Flavian informed me.

"Keep it under wraps as long as you can. My people will work on my company's and family's image," I said. "More than ever, I want someone protecting Sam."

"Don't worry," Alexander said. "I put two security guards watching her without her knowledge."

"She'll be very angry when she finds out," I commented.

"That's not a problem. What matters is keeping her safe," Alexander shrugged.

"Well, we're heading to the station," Bonfim said and said goodbye, leaving with Flavian. "We'll keep you informed, Richard."

"Henry, I'll stay in touch with your people passing information. Do you

have any recommendations?" Rick asked.

"No, do what you have to do, and thanks for taking the lead on this," I replied.

"That's what friends are for," Rick touched my shoulder.

"For that and for drinking and drowning our sorrows," Patrick said. "Let's go to my place."

"Thanks, Patrick, but I have to get back to Lynx, I still have a lot to do." I stood up and said goodbye to my friends, thanking them for their support.

I was desperate to see Samantha. I couldn't wait any longer. I went to her building, and when I parked the car, almost in front of the building, I saw her come out laughing and embracing a tall, strong Black man. Must be this Vincent guy. As Enzo said, the guy was good-looking. I gripped the steering wheel tightly until my knuckles turned white. Vicious jealousy was eating me up inside.

Samantha seemed relaxed and comfortable. Maybe the guy really was everything she told Enzo. And if he was and made her happy, I had no right to ruin it.

I started the car and drove off before seeing them say goodbye. I didn't need to see her kissing another man. I left there and forgot about what I had to do at the company, went to the hotel, and got drunk in my suite.